

Of course our castles in the air were built without consulting our parents as regards finances, etc., and all the barriers they confronted us with we overcame by our eagerness to feel confident that we could storm any difficulty that faced us. How little we dreamt of what the future held. So like "Alice in Wonderland looking through the looking-glass" arrived the day, May 13th (the year I shan't say, as I have now reached the time in life when I want to forget it, it was so long ago), and I boarded the steamer, destination "San Francisco," trying to act worldly and indifferent, as a well-seasoned traveller would. It was a little difficult to get away with as I saw all the loved faces of my family and friends fading in the distance, and my adam's apple bobbed up and down, trying to swallow and look nonchalant, my first flight from home and its safe keeping. I remember so well going down to my cabin and taking stock of my possessions, laying them around me to give me that snug feeling of home, examining my passport and letter of credit, which had been fastened in a home-made contraption called a "Money Belt" and tied securely around my middle. I was supposed to wear this night and day, and the very first morning when the bathroom steward announced that my bath was ready, I picked up robe and towel and proceeded down the narrow passageway to a door marked "Bath," where inside sat a tub filled with a bilious quantity of green water and a small basin across it with about 12 oz. of fresh water, the latter was supposedly for my face. The belt was removed and hung on the back of the door, and here is where the so-called traveller forgot. Yes! I left the belt hanging there and it was not until well into the morning, when I was up on the deck, that I discovered part of my attire was missing. If I had not been a victim of sea sickness before that, the moment had arrived when waves of nausea passed over me. A hurried dash to said bathroom, and there still on the hook, dangling slowly back and forth with the roll of the vessel, was that belt with all my possessions. Right away I made a decision that instead of adorning myself with this appendage the Purser had better take charge of it, and so I was rid of the abomination for the remainder of the trip.

The days drifted along with stop overs at Raratonga and Tahiti, two islands worthy of the name "Paradise of the South Pacific." One would have liked to linger awhile there picking up the curious and interesting shells on the gleaming white sands, or lazily swimming in the warm water where one could clearly see the bottom of the ocean, even to the wee fish there. So while dreaming along, the ship blew a sharp warning whistle, and one reluctantly went back on board and to more idle days, until the morning dawned bright and clear and the ship entered the "Golden Gate" to San Francisco.

How well I remember standing at the side of the rail looking at a sign on the green hills written "57." Thinking it was a historical landmark, I naively asked of a fellow passenger what it pertained to, and he said, "Heinz's 57 varieties of sauce". I was rather let down, but then as I saw the San Francisco skyline with its tall buildings, that have been the creations that men have thrown across the hills giving it such unusual charm, I thought I could never drink up enough of the vista that was being poured over me.

Soon I too was milling with the throngs up Market Street with the four street-car tracks, up Powell and Geary, where flower stands provide a lovely touch of freshness and beauty with their myriad of blossoms, and I wondered if I could take in much more; Chinatown, where they have the famed telephone office where the operators have memorised the names and phone numbers of the 2,500 Chinese subscribers. I walked up Grant Street staring fascinatedly at the yellow skinned inhabitants, marvelling at the ornate oriental lamp-posts, the tiny shops with their fascinating silks. Then as the day drew to a close I found myself standing at the top

of Nob Hill watching the sun sinking behind the "Golden Gate," and waiting for the thousands of tiny lights to come on, making the city look like Fairyland, and one knows in one's heart that this city indeed is a very beautiful one.

But one has to return to earth, and to the point of realising that to continue all this, one must earn some of the dollars to go with it. So off to the Registry I went, to answer questions, then fill out the required form, and before long I was again walking the long halls of a hospital, finding that human beings the world over are the same when they become victims of the so-called "Staph" and "Streptococci" bugs that invade the blood stream. The hospital routine itself was slightly different, especially did I find it difficult at first to become accustomed to their pronunciation of Medical terms, and, of course, with my British accent they too found it difficult to understand me. There would quite often be an exchange of banter over this, but before long I found I could conform to their ways.

As I was so interested in surgery, I expressed my desire to work there whenever possible and learn all they could teach me. So the time sped along, and when days off came I would seek out Greyhound Bus tours, and by that method I travelled to all the points of interest I could find, taking in the famous "Yosemite Valley" in the heart of the Sierra Nevadas about which much has been written, to the lovely spot of "Carmel," 130 miles down the coast, where artists lived on practically nothing, but filled their souls with the satisfaction of being able to translate the beauties around on to a canvas. One walked along narrow dirt roads, lit with an occasional street lamp. The people of Carmel refused to make their little place artificial and bustling, they wanted the folks who came there to live quietly too. I think that of all the wondrous places I have visited, Carmel comes dearest to my heart.

Back to San Francisco I had to go; called so often the Western outpost of culture in America, it has charmed and inspired writers and artists from its birth. Its Museums, the De Young Museum of Art, the California Palace of the Legion of Honour, and actors like Noel Coward, Katherine Cornell, Maurice Evans, and I could continue, draw the warmest and most appreciative audience in the country, and the famous Opera House, that on first nights attracts quite a crowd of the poor and lowly who stand in strange silent knots to watch the bejewelled patrons come and go. In San Francisco one feels, strangely enough, there are fewer people one either envies or pities.

I must not leave this city, however, without dwelling a few minutes on the University of California across the Bay in Berkeley with its student body of 23,000 men and women. How can one University handle such numbers? They not only can, but require a student to maintain a "B" average to attain his degree. The University of California Hospital turns out the finest professional women I have had the pleasure of working alongside. The Hospital stands on top of one of San Francisco's hills, and behind those portals walk men who are striving to cure the dread diseases with which we are all so familiar. It is one of the foremost schools in the country on research.

And so, leaving behind this city rather reluctantly one day—after all my object was to see more of the country, and having saved \$350 I felt very wealthy—I boarded the Shasta Limited for Portland, Seattle, and then took the boat up through Puget Sound to Victoria and Vancouver, with stops in each place to view the cities through the aid of those Greyhound Buses with their amusing drivers, whose heads were full of tall stories—one could believe them or not. More beauties unfolded before my eyes each hour: Victoria with its quaintness and simplicity and the people who lived there mostly retired; Vancouver, reminding me so much of home, even to the people, and then on to another train, the Canadian Pacific. It would be difficult to try to

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